The Cavaleers Complaint.

To the Tune of, *I tell Thee* DICK, &c.

The Cavaleer's Complaint.

COme *Jack*, let's drink a Pot of Ale,
And I ſhall tell Thee ſuch a Tale
Will make thine Eares to ring:
My Coyne is ſpent, my Time is loſt,
And I this Only Fruit can boaſt,
That Once I ſaw my *KING*.

But This doth moſt afflict my mind,
I went to Court, in hope to find
Some of my Friends in Place;
And walking There, I had a ſight
Of all the Crew: But, by this Light,
I hardly knew One Face!

S'life, of ſo many Noble Sparkes,
Who, on their Bodies, bear the Markes
Of their Integritie,
And ſuffer'd Ruine of Eſtate;
It was my damn'd unhappy Fate,
That I not One could ſee!

Not One, upon my Life, among
[illegible]
As few of Thoſe, whom Thou didſt know
At *Yorke*, or *Marſton-moore*.

But, truly, There are ſwarmes of Thoſe,
Who lately were our chiefeſt Foes,
Of Pantaloons and Muffes;
Whilſt the Old ruſty Cavaleer
Retires, or dares not once appear
For want of Coyne, and Cuffes.

When none of Theſe I could deſcry,
Who, better far deſerv'd; Then I
Calmely did reflect;
Old Services, (by Rule of State)
Like *Almanacks*, grow out of Date,
What then can I expect?

Troth, In contempt of Fortunes frown,
I'll get me fairly out of Town,
And, in a Cloyſter, pray,
That, ſince the Starres are yet unkind
To Royaliſts, the King may find
More Faithfull Friends than They.

An Eccho to the Cavaleers Complaint.

I Marvell *Dick*, That having been
So long abroad, and having ſeen
The World, as Thou haſt done,
Thou ſhould'ſt acquaint Mee with a Tale
As old as *Neſtor*, and as ſtale
As That of Prieſt and Nunne!

Are We to learn what is a Court?
A Pageant, made for Fortunes ſport,
Where Merits ſcarce appear:
For baſhfull Merit only dwells
In Camps, in Villages, and Cells;
Alas! it dwells not There.

Deſert is nice in its Addreſſe,
And Merit oftimes doth oppreſſe
Beyond what Guilt would do:
But They are ſure of Their Demands,
That come to Court with Golden-hands
And Brazen-faces too.

The King, They ſay, doth ſtill profeſſe
And cherisheth [illegible]
But His good Wiſhes prove in vain,
Whoſe Service, with His Servants gain,
Not alwayes doth agree.

All Princes, (be They ne're ſo wiſe)
Are fain to ſee with Others Eyes,
But, ſeldom hear at all;
And Courtiers find Their intereſt,
In Time to feather well Their Neſt,
Providing for Their Fall.

Our Comfort doth on Time depend;
Things, when They are at worſt, will mend:
And let Us but reflect
On our Condition th'other Day,
When None but Tyrants bore the ſway,
What did We Then expect?

Mean while, a calm Retreat is beſt:
But Diſcontent, (if not ſuppreſt)
Will breed Diſloyaltie.
This is the conſtant Note I ſing,
I have been Faithfull to the KING,
And ſo ſhall ever be.

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